

THE HOME CIRCLE

A Woman's Shortcoming.

She has laughed as softly as if she sighed;
She has counted six and over,
Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
Oh, each a worthy lover!
They "give her time;" for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving:
She will lie to none with her fair red lip—
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling,
With a glance for one, and a glance for some,
From her eyelids rising and falling.
—Speaks common words with a blushful air;
—Hears bold words, unrepining:
But her silence says—what she never will swear—
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady! lean to the night-guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer;
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far
At the voice of an in-door singer!
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
Glance lightly, on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries—
But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men beside go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his
breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you,
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behaving and unbehaving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Written for The Progressive Farmer.]

Make Christmas Presents Now.

Why not make some of your Christmas presents during these early autumn days?

On my desk stands a pen-wiper, "the poor benighted Hindoo." Take a small china doll three or four inches high, cover with chamois, making it fit by dipping in water. Only one seam is needed, down the middle of the back. The doll's feet are fastened in the middle of a small square of very heavy felt, a circle of chamois skin six inches in diameter covering this pedestal. On the circle burn this rhyme:

"The poor genighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kin do;
He sticks to caste from first to last,
For clothes he makes his skin do."

Burn the eyes, nostrils, and mouth of the Hindoo. Two more circular pieces of chamois skin the size of the first complete a most attractive pen-wiper.

Also cover another doll with chamois skin and dress it in trousers and long skirts of the same material, fastening it on a pedestal hidden in circular pieces of chamois. On the top piece burn this:

"Mellican man laugh at Chinaman,
But him heep a good to wipa pen."

Burn these rhymes spirally, beginning at the foot of the figures. * * *

I have a friend who collects nonsense rhymes. Her present will be a Nonsense Book made of two pieces of heavy Bristol board, as many sheets of unruled linen paper as I think are needed, and scarlet ribbons. The outside cover will be decorated with a sketch of a fool in cap and bells. Half of him will be in black ink, half in red, alternating thus: right side of a cap in black, left in red, right of jerkin red, left in black, and so on. Either "Nonsense Rhymes," or some old quotation such as, "A little nonsense now and then," will be done in fancy letters on this cover. When holes have been punched in covers and leaves, all will be tied together with the scarlet ribbons.

LUCY M. COBB.

Cedartown, Ga.

Kissing Mother.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you about your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes in and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth, and you can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic touch of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the mid-night kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of the work during the past ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Stated the Facts.

The editor of an Indiana paper became tired of being called a liar so he announced that he would tell the truth in the future. The first issue thereafter contained the following:

"John Bonin, the laziest merchant in town, made a trip to Bellville yesterday."

"John Coyle, our grocer, is doing a poor business. His store is dirty, dusty and noisily odoriferous. How can he expect to do much?"

"Rev. Styx preached last Saturday night on 'charity.' The sermon was punk."

"Dave Sonkey died at his home in this place. The doctor gave it out as heart failure. The fact is, he was drunk, and whiskey is what killed him."

"Married.—Miss Sylvia Rhodes and James Conhan, last Saturday evening at the Baptist parsonage. The bride is a very ordinary town girl who doesn't know any more than a jack-rabbit about cooking, and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty by any means, and has a gait like a fat duck. The groom is well known as an up-to-date loafer. He's been living off the old folks all his life and don't amount to shucks. They will have a hard life."

The paper had no sooner reached the public than a committee was sent to him bearing a petition asking him to continue in the good old way, and stated that they believed him to be a truthful and honest man.—Burlington News.

Cash or Character.

There is an old English fable about a barefooted boy who, while walking along the highway, saw in the dust a bit of gold. So aroused was he by this piece of good fortune that, all the rest of his life, he walked along a good old age and accumulated quite a fortune, but he never saw the stars at night, or the sun, or clouds of noon-day; he paid no attention to the flowers by the wayside and in the meadows; he did not see the mountains, the rivers, the lakes, the trees or the birds. All that life meant to him was a dusty road where, ever and anon, among the dirt was to be found a piece of silver or gold. Life should mean far more than that. There is something vastly nobler and higher to be sought than mere gold, and that is a character is unsullied, a mind that is pure, and a heart that is free from sin.

One great fallacy connected with the idea of wealth is that in and of itself it brings happiness. There is no question but that, with money, we may secure many things that contribute to our ease and happiness. Where people do not

have enough wholesome food to eat, or clothing to keep them warm, we call that poverty, and a few hundred dollars would bring much in the way of comfort and happiness; but the idea we have in mind is that which seizes the minds of so many of our young people—that one must be as wealthy as a Pullman, a Vanderbilt, or a Rockefeller before he can enjoy life.

Cash or character? Men put a crown upon the head of a prince and call him a king, but the crown and glory of the common man is an unimpeachable character. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

What the world needs everywhere to-day is men of character. What our nation needs, what every State and every community needs is men of character. For it is character and not gold that must save the world.—Selected.

Bridge.

Among forms of gambling bridge has certain special features. It opens to many persons, especially women, an excitement which they would not deem it right to seek in other kinds of gambling. The game has subsided slightly, if at all, in the larger cities, and in spreading rapidly in the country, where it brings the delights of dissipation to the humblest household. Potent indeed is fashion. Many a bridge fiend would think it evil to play poker for money. In some games betting is a subsidiary attraction, but in bridge it is the basis of the charm. Ladies even acquire that diseased restlessness known as "the gambler's eye." "Nothing," said Addison, "wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table and those cutting passions which attend them," and we have often felt as he did that "it is wonderful to see persons of sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards." However, the only use that many people can make of time to seek modes of killing it. For this purpose, gambling is as good as drunkenness. "A gamester," said Bacon, "the greater master he is in his art, the worse man he is." There are occupations in which skill and pleasure are acquired with less encouragement than gambling gives to all the worst attributes of man.—Collier's Weekly.

To Satisfy His Wife.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, according to an exchange, "there's a burglar in the house. I'm sure of it."

John rubbed his eyes and protested mildly that it was imagination.

"No it isn't. I heard a man downstairs." So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the buglar covered him with a revolver and became quite sociable.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.

"A—er—a—little bit," replied John. "You're too late, anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window, and my pals have carried them off."

"O, that's all right. I'd like to ask one favor of you, though."

"What is it?" "Stay here until my wife can come down and see you. She has been looking for you every night for the last twelve years, and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer."

The Bride's Mistake.

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped lightly up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered. No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!" There was silence for several seconds, then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bath room."—New York Sun.

The Improved Methods of Modern Society.

"Do you think that society is improving?" "Assuredly," answered the bookish man. "In old days when a man was robbed a pistol was shoved into his face and he was made generally uncomfortable. Now he is permitted to send his money by mail and gets some sort of an engraved receipt for it."—Washington Star.